

Dragons Whose Bright Eyes

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Summary: A little knowledge can be a dangerous thing, so what will happen to Berk when a stranger is found in the woods, and in between his babbling about how dragons couldn't exist and the absence of decent plumbing, lets slip a few ideas that are a little ahead of their time. (Hiccstrid will feature later on)

1. Prologue: Say No To Physicists

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><p>'Memo to self: next time the HEP department ask for volunteers, run for the hills' I was sitting in an uncomfortable chair whilst assorted technicians scurried around, wiring and assembling the fragments of whatever machine that gave the gaggle of particle physicists such a hungry look. On closer inspection, most of the people here that weren't putting this thing together or sitting here, getting a progressively number backside, were quite some distance away. If there weren't all sorts of yummy chemicals being fed into my bloodstream I would probably quite worried about that.</p>

A quiet whine began to rise out of the machines, only broken by the clatter as the technicians retreated, and the faint sounds of a professor talking to a small crowd of supplicants.

Now if I hadn't dropped physics as soon as I possibly could maybe I could have made something out of the mess of jargon and exited babble, but I did, so all that I knew is that from degree of smugness in his tone, he'd just proved someone hilariously wrong. Fair enough, I have been known to crow on occasion as well. I may have giggled a bit as the whining increased in pitch and static filled the air. Yes it was undignified. This was also paying my rent for the next few months so dignity could go hang.

To be honest I didn't see what all the fuss was about, I was expecting something painful, or at the very least humiliating, given the amount of waivers I had to sign. All that had happened was someone attached me to this lovely drip feed and I was whirred at for 40 minutes, honestly I can't see why people don't volunteer for these things more often.

I would have looked over to where the group of physicists lurked, but there seemed to be a light shining in my eyes, and I clamped them shut against the glare. My stomach just managed to register a sinking feeling before everything went black.

**- What are you doing here? Whaaâ€| Oh Dear, you really don't belong here. Now where did you come from? Ah, There really are quite a lot of you aren't there? Oh well, this one should do. Goodbye little thing. Nonononononoononoâ€|**

Snow. Yup, definitely snow. Bloody marvellous. He sat up and opened his eyes.

"Arrghh. Shit!"

He slammed his eyes shut, and began to blindly rummage through his clothes. Freezing wind and contact lenses really did not go together. He contorted his body in the snow, sending freezing slush down the back of his neck but sheltering his head from the wind. He transferred the contacts from his red streaming eyes to their case as fast as he could with his shaking hands.

He blinked away the tears and fumbled on a pair of his backup glasses, the prescription was out of date by at least a year, but right now he had more important things on his mind, like not freezing to death for one thing. He stumbled through the shin deep snow, taking shelter behind one of the trees. It took 40 minutes in this sort of temperature for hypothermia to set in, and that was with being dry and being sheltered from the wind. Soaked jeans and a thin jumper weren't really going to cut it here. Looking around, all he saw was more trees and more snow.

Given that he was certainly going to die, He was surprised that he wasn't crying, to have your life cut short at 19 when there was every possibility that he would have lived for another century would trigger anyone's self-pity. But that was the thing about the cold, any surge of emotion was sapped away with his strength, and now he just leaned back and waited for the inevitable.

He thought he heard faint roaring sound through the trees, and huddled tighter. There were worse ways to go than cold, after all. The roaring grew louder, and he saw a great shadow sweep across the sky.

>He saw flashes of scale and wing, and a voice, a human voice spoke.<p>

"Vem Äär detta fÄ¶rlorare, krokfang"

What little bloody-minded defiance of basic biology fled, and he collapsed onto his side. He dimly recalled being dragged, but the blackness that had lurked at the edge of his vision chose that moment to flood in. The last thing he felt before his overactive brain

surrendered was of heat. Then nothing.

2. Chapter 1: Welcome To Berk

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><p>Consciousness trickled back slowly, first it was just a simple awareness of being warm, and then the feel and smell of heavy furs piled over him. He heard voices talking, in some sort of Scandinavian dialect, shame he couldn't remember more than a few words in Swedish, but then he never really got the hang of languages. He cracked a gummy eye open and took a peek at his surroundings. The main colour he could see was brown, brown ceiling, brown furs, only broken up by the long smears of colour he assumed were people. He mustered himself to try to say something, but his "Tack" sounded more like a rusty old gate hinge giving up the ghost.</p>

The blobs suddenly converged, speaking to each other in rapid-fire gibberish. '_Sod it'_ he thought, and went for broke in trying to get himself across to them.

"Hej. I don't understand what you're saying. Je nÃ©comprendes pas tu parle. Ich neinâ€|" He sighed and gave up. Of all the languages that he had to need here, it had to be the one he never bothered to learn, even if he did live there for 4 years. From the tone of gibberish passing quite literally over his head, he assumed he got some sort of point across, even if it was that he was completely mad.

From the moment that Snotlout had returned to the village carrying him slung over Hookfang's saddle, there had been a surprising amount of interest in the odd outlander. From his ridiculously unsuitable clothing, to the strange assembly of wire and glass that was on his face (which vanished after someone noticed how strange everything looked through them within earshot of the Twins.). But the really unusual thing was the outlander himself.

Berk had been ice-locked for a month, and even if someone had sailed to the edge of the ice and walked the rest of the way, one of the dragon patrols would have surely spotted them. But here he was, found in the heart of the woods. Once it was determined that he would live, Stoick adopted the ancient principle of 'finders keepers' and assigned the 6 to deal with him. Complaints had been made and ignored, comments about building character had been given in return, and now they sat in the healer's house and waited for their new burden to open his eyes.

Snotlout paced impatiently around the room. He was bored silly of waiting for this weak sack of skin to wake up. There had been comments about wishing that the outlander had died in the snow at first, until Astrid decided to kickstart his compassion with a fist to the nose. She herself was leaning up against the wall sharpening her axe. The others seemed a little more exuberant concerning the new arrival.

The Twins had been fighting for the last few minutes about who looked weirder through the glasses, which would have made their owner wince

at how close his only means of sight came to destruction. There was a reverberating clang as their helmets met, and the two sagged to the floor. No one bothered to look, this was the Twins after all; they did worse to each other on a daily basis.

Hiccup and Fishlegs had commandeered the chairs in the room and were chatting about their new guest.

>"Yeah, but how did he end up here, you saw his boots. I can't imagine he could have walked anywhere in them." Fishlegs said, referring to the flimsy leather shells, it was hard to imagine anything more unsuitable to the Berk winter than that. What shoemaker would ever think of making anything that thin? Probably the same one who decided that you should be able to see your reflection in the leather and to not have it cover the ankle. "I reckon we'll just have to wait till—"Hiccup's reply was cut short by a groan from the cot. They broke off what they were doing and headed over to the outlander.<p>

Looking over him he didn't look particularly foreign. With his pale skin and blond hair he could have easily passed for an islander. The oddities came with the rest of him, his skin was unmarked by injury, aside from some faded scars on his hands. He lacked the calluses of work, aside from a thick pad just above his middle finger joint on his right hand. While his legs and torso did not lack for muscle, it was dulled beneath layers of fat, and his arms were spindly and thin. It was clear that this person was no worker or fighter; in fact it was difficult to think of how someone who appeared, superficially at least, to be one of them could end up like this.

"Look he's awake"

>"Great can we go now?"
"Shut up he's speaking."

"Oh great. Of all the mysterious strangers we had to get, we get one who can't even speak Norse." Hiccup said with his usual sarcasm, he was a little disconcerted by the fact that the outlander had said hello before he switched to whatever language that had been. "Anyone catch any of that?" The blank faces of the others were all the answer he needed.

He sat up in the cot, shrugging off the furs. He probably would feel a bit embarrassed, considering he was wearing nothing but a pair of slightly itchy woollen underwear, but embarrassment could wait until he could actually see again. Grateful to whoever gave him this modicum of modesty, he clambered out of the cot with a groan, and began to dig through the still damp pile of clothing next to the bed.

He dug out his contacts case from a pocket, so now all he needed to find was some water, going by what little of this place he had seen, an eye infection was something that he very much wanted to avoid.

Now he just had to hope that their word for water sounded something like English, or else he was going to have some problems.

"Did that sound like he asked for water to you?" Fishlegs said as they watched the bizarre spectacle of the outlander trying to communicate, he didn't even look at anyone in particular, just spoke in that odd slow tongue of his while performing the clumsiest game of charades he'd seen since Hiccup had a few too many mugs of mead last

Snoggletog.

He took pity on him and fetched the water bucket, only to be a shocked when the man actually said thank you, the Norse was butchered, but it was still a bit of a shock.

Unaware of his curious audience, the outlander began to thoroughly wash his hands, rinsing and scrubbing at his hands till they were red raw. Snotlout's mouth began to open, probably to laugh at the odd behaviour of the outlander, but it hung loose as the outlander opened that case he seemed so keen on, before extracting a small clear thing from the liquid within. He pulled back the eyelids of his left eye with one hand, causing some of the Vikings to gag a little, before carefully popping the clear thing into his eye. A grunt of pain was heard, and when he switched hands to do the same to the other eye, they could see his eye was red and streaming. He finished with the other eye, blinked a few times and faced them properly.

The jokes about the weak outlander died as they saw his eyes were no longer unfocused and were in fact looking at each of them quite intently. The penny dropped that without whatever he had just done, the outlander couldn't see. Yes, the whole pain and endurance thing was as much of being a Viking as the mead and horned helmets. But eyes, eyes were one of the bad injuries, the ones that weren't for telling tall tales over in the Great Hall; they were the kind that broke people.

This time, they got the 'what the Hel am I going to wear' gesture and he received a tossed bundle of assorted spares.

After he pulled on the mismatched clothes, he spotted that one of the Vikings had his pair of glasses on his head. With two rapid steps he moved up to the long-haired Viking, plucked his glasses off the surprised Viking, then his momentum carried him past. It would have been quite impressive, if his legs hadn't picked that moment to turn to rubber, folding underneath him causing him to smack his head on the corner of the fireplace on the way to the floor. He felt something hot drip down the side of his face, but more worrying still, he clearly heard from behind him a snigger and someone saying "Looks like you've got competition for the clumsiest thing on Berk Hiccup."

3. Chapter 2: Here Be Dragons

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>Thanks Gee Brittany and Artist2009, hope I don't disappoint<p>

* * *

><p>He flipped himself over, grimacing a little from the cut. He looked up at the bemused Vikings as he levered himself to his feet. "Well that didn't go as planned." He touched his temple and his fingertips came away bloody. He sighed and crumbled away the quickly drying blood off his fingers. Looking back at the others, he noticed that they were looking like he'd just grow an extra head. "Well I guess I should introduce myself. My name isâ€œ!" He paused for a second, wondering how his name would be suited to this place. He decided to stick with what he loosely remembered as the Norse variant

of his name. "...Harald. Now, would you mind telling me where the hell I am?"<p>

It wasn't the first time that someone on Berk had become somewhat different after a head injury; you only had to look at Bucket to see the truth of that. Even so, seeing someone transition between almost complete ignorance to practical fluency in a couple of minutes was strange enough that a silence descended upon the six while their brains caught up with what had just happened.

The silence was broken by Hiccup, who in a slightly shaken tone began what seemed to be a familiar monologue.

"This is Berk. It's twe-"

>Harald looks blankly at him. "Can't say I've ever heard of it. Norway, Britain, any of those ring any bells?"
"Noâ€|should they?"

>Harald began to sound increasingly desperate." Come on; at least tell me where on the globe Berk is."
This solicited puzzled looks from the Vikings "_Globe? _What the Hel is one of those?"

>This seemed to tip Harald over some sort of precipice, and he sighed and covered his face with his hand. In an exhausted voice he asked "Just out of interest, what shape is the world?"
Ruffnut piped up "Flat, you idiot! Sheesh, even _we_ knew that."

>Hiccup whispered back to her "Really not helping here."
"You bastards. You complete and total bastards." Harald had dropped his hands and was now pacing the room, face going increasingly redder and his voice getting increasingly louder.

"You couldn't just be satisfied by tearing space a new arsehole, you had to fuck around with time too. A few moments of your time you said. And now I'm trapped in the fucking Dark Ages, and guess who's going to get the blame when reality collapses because someone decided to ram the motherfucking paradox express down the throat of causality."

Everyone stepped back under the vocal assault, which had descended into pure furious screaming from Harald, whose face had gone through red and was working its way through puce. Well, almost everyone. Astrid was still Astrid, and you would probably find 'The best defence is a good offence' carved onto her heart. Therefore instead of backing away from the madman doing a pretty good impression of a Thunderdrum, she gave him a quick right hook, cutting off the terrible noise at the source.

"What the Hel was that for? What have we ever done to you? We saved your life you ungrateful little shit!"

Harald shook his head, partially as an answer and to try to get his ears to stop ringing. "Sorry, sorry. That was for the bastards who sent me here. Well I say that, they probably didn't have a clue where or when I'd turn up."

Harald gave a sad little smile. "The screaming was more about the fact that from what you've told me, I've just lost my whole world. Friends gone. Family gone. Usefulness and purpose, gone and double gone. Bit like dying, except I still get to hang around for the time being. Good thing I'm still mostly in shock and denial, or I'd probably ask you to finish the job with that axe. "

That put a damper on any further discussion. Harald just paced silently, bruise forming on his jaw and blood clotting on his temple, staring into space. The Vikings huddled together against the aura of depression that seemed to be filling the room. They would have liked to leave, but not so much that they would brave the Berkian winter outside. Besides, they still remembered how remarkably casual he had been about ending his own life.

Thanks to the Twins however, there was at least some entertainment. Maybe it was their complete disregard for their own wellbeing, or the fact that they were clearly enjoying it, but it was hard to stay depressed when the Twins decided that you shouldn't be. At the end of one of their more vigorous brawls, they were bound together by the intertwined horns of their helmets, and had just regressed into their instinctive bickering.

Harald was mostly too buried in his own thoughts to notice much, but his subconscious began to prod him as it realised that these two were referring to dragons far too much for someone above the age of 10, especially given the argument was about possession of said dragon.

"What is it about you two and dragons? Thought you of all people wouldn't be the ones playing make-believe."

At least that brought some life back into the room, the majority looking at him like he just said the sky was green.

Tuffnut this time decided to launch the opening salvo "Barf and Belch are real as any other dragon, Pointless" Harald countered with a gleefully smug smirk "Precisely my point. The closest Mother Nature has ever gotten to that fantasy was the pterodactyls, and they died out millions of years before humans ever existed. I'd explain how I know, but your head will hurt enough trying to understand what a million is."

Well at least he'd found one silver lining, considering everything, he was probably the most knowledgeable person on the planet at this point. Though that might not count for much if these twins were representative of the norm.

Instead of replying, Tuffnut whispered something to Hiccup, who rolled his eyes and looked up to the rafters above him.

"Come on down, Bud."

The sound that Harald made when a heavy crash behind him announced the decent of Hiccup's 'friend' was somewhere between a startled sheep and a cow that has just been fed chili peppers. Matters did not improve when he turned around and saw that inches from him had just descended 9 meters of pitch black reptile.

It tilted its head at him, and the only way to describe its wide green eyes was _curious. _Hiccup had approached from behind while he was busy observing, then admiring the creature before him. "This is Toothless, my Dragon. Harald, Toothless. Toothless, Harald."

He didn't say anything in reply, but Hiccup could see that something in Toothless's appearance had reinvigorated Harald.

'Well' Harald thought to himself 'at least I don't have to worry about breaking reality anymore.' He went back to studying 'Toothless', curiosity was a two-way street here, and he really was quite puzzled how an apparently cold-blooded creature like this could stand the cold. If this really was a dragon there must be some internal heat supply, but the energy requirements for that must be grotesque.

Right at the point where he was wondering if he knew enough of optics to show someone how to make a microscope, and how exactly he was going to persuade these people to send him a corpse of one of these dragons, the door opened, blowing in snow, and a colossal figure strode out of the whiteout.

"So how's our guest, son? Rumbled the figure from behind a beard more suited to a Tolkien character than a person.

The skinny one, who had stood to one side of him and the dragon, stepped around to face what now seemed to be his father, and said "You might want to grab an ice block or two, dad."

4. Chapter 3: Fair Exchange

Sorry I havn't posted in a while, a week's holiday sans wifi and heat-induced apathy has had me on pause for the last few weeks. But don't worry, chapter 3 is finally here. To any reader's who've been waiting, sorry and thank you for your patience.

As always, I own nothing except Harald here. Please review, it makes a poor writer very happy when you do.

* * *

><p>"So what are we to do with you, eh?" Rumbled the colossal Viking. It did not take a great intuitive leap to deduce that his fate rest squarely in this man's bear-like hands. He felt a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach as he just realised he'd just had an emotional breakdown in front of this man's son. He allowed himself to slip back into one of his worse habits, burying his freewheeling emotions under simple observations, the stinging as he bit into the inside of his cheek for example. Say what you like about a boarding school education, sometimes emotional repression comes in handy.</p>

Oblivious to the fact that Harald's pale complexion was shifting towards the grey, Stoick continued. "From what my son tells me, we can't send you back to wherever you came from, not that we could go anywhere this deep into the Freeze anyway. There's no space for dead weight here, not now, so what exactly can you do?"

"Um..." Now that was the question, what exactly could a 19-year old student of microbiology do for a village of Dark-Age Vikings, if a Dark Ages that had some very peculiar wildlife. Post-Renaissance perhaps, when the world got over the 4 humours as the basis for practical medicine, there he could be useful. Here, doing rather than thinking was prized, at his age, and most of what he knew how to do wouldn't be relevant for a few hundred years at least.

He had a few nuggets of knowledge that might prove useful, courtesy

of a game of whose-got-the-most-terrifying-amazon-history, which had ended in a draw between some of Paladin Press's more unhinged books on his side versus a few square meters of plastic sheeting and a home butchery kit. He doubted any mention of how he knew these things were going to win the Vikings around, and so decided that some cherry picked honesty, if not the best policy, would be the one the most likely to keep him alive. He gulped down the bile in his throat, put on a shakily confident voice, and broke the silence.

"..Well, I can read and write, cook and sew. I can fight with a sword and train others in its use. Nothing particularly special. What I do have that is, though, is knowledge. I've got enough stuff rattling round inside my head that I could fill this whole room with books trying to write it down. I'm sure that at least some of it could be useful. I'd need to know what you've already got, but I could probably set you forward a couple of decades at least. So, yeah, I might not be able to completely pull my weight, but I should be able to make life a little easier for you."

The Vikings were, on balance, fairly impressed. Either this Harald was lying, in which case his audacity deserved some respect, and his judgement should provide some relief from the months of freezing monotony. Or he wasn't. This option was a bit too far-fetched to encompass, but the gods could be sure of some serious gratitude for depositing him here. They really did not want to think about what might happen if this gift had been given to the Berserkers, or even the lurking remnants of the Outcasts.

"Well you've got some spine, I'll give you that." Replied Stoick. "But you know we can't just take your word for it. We'll need to see whether there's any truth to what you say." He scratched his chin with one of his colossal hands while he thought. "We can't disturb Gothi at this time of year without giving some warning." Plus he had no intention of letting this unknown anywhere near Berk's elder until he was sure he wasn't a threat. No one actually mentioned Berk's last mysterious arrival, but the spectre of the 'Heather Incident' still cast its shadow over the proceedings.

"Hiccup, I need you to take our guest down to the forge. Take him through a few of those things you've got hung up over there. We'll find out whether he's all talk and no trousers soon enough."

There were winces amongst a few of the young Vikings when this first test was announced, at one point or another, most of them had tried to get their heads around the wall of diagrams and designs that Hiccup had built up over the years over his bench at the forge, an effort which normally left the head aching unless Hiccup was there, though whether that was to talk them through it or to prevent Toothless from forcibly evicting them from his Rider's sanctum sanctorum depended on the persons involved.

Hiccup turned his head to meet Harald's gaze, and flickered his eyes to the door. Harald, relieved to have earned a reprieve from the intimidating presence of the chief, fell in behind Hiccup as he went for the exit, the heavy creaking from behind suggesting that Toothless was doing the same behind him.

The porch sheltered them from the last splutters of the snowstorm, and once Toothless had finished the undignified gymnastics necessary to pass through the door without sending the pair toppling into the

snow. Hiccup hopped nimbly up onto Toothless's back, his foot clicking as it locked into the saddle.

He looked over to Harald and indicated he should get up behind him. "Come on, he doesn't bite, and we've sorted out the barrel roll issue, haven't we bud." Toothless responded with a look of infinite patience worthy of a Buddha. "Thanks, butâ€œ well I can see the forge from here, yeah, and, no offence, but I prefer my chances on foot rather than a few hundred feet sans safety harness, parachute, and everything else designed so I don't end up a splat in the snow." Harald replied, feeling a little awkward turning Hiccup down, but such were the burdens of being a stubborn bastard with an over-active imagination.

Toothless and Hiccup exchanged a look and a shrug, then Toothless tensed and propelled the pair into the sky, while Harald adopted the silly looking high-kneed jog required to get anywhere fast through a good foot of fresh snow.

Once the three had departed, Stoick gave the others instructions of their own, which boiled down to trying to rein in Hiccup's more liberal attitude to trust, to make sure that the Outlander did not try to use his son using same attitude (At which Tuffnut made remarks about how it was lucky it wasn't a girl this time, and Hiccup's susceptibility to same, before receiving a thwack to the helmet courtesy of Astrid.) and generally in cases of suspicion, a quiet permission to leave the questions for afterwards. In private, very few things in the world scared the chief more than his son being taken again, if only because Hiccup's luck had to run out some day, and the list of things he would not do to prevent it was very short indeed.

Harald let out a happy groan as he slammed the door shut behind him, letting the smothering heat of the forge defrost his extremities. Hiccup was leaning over a cluttered bench, covered in blueprints and half-finished devices. "Well look who finally decided to show up."

Harald half-heartedly flicked some rapidly melting slush in his direction and riposted "At least all of me is here". There was a painful moment before his brain realised what he just said and quickly followed it up with "Shit, sorry, didn't mean to get personal like that."

Hiccup brushed it off with a "It's fine." That nevertheless set alarm bells ringing in Harald's head. 'Yep, right in the self-esteem. Well done, you utter prick.'

"Anyway, I'm guessing that these are the things I was supposed to be looking over." Harald moved over, and when Hiccup didn't object, picked up a piece of paper up at random. Looking it over, it looked to be some sort of tail fin, similar to the one that Toothless had fixed to him, but a little cruder, less streamlined. Even so, this was a seriously impressive bit of kit, even including the delightful anachronism of a gearbox. Harald let out a slow whistle, this would have impressed him back home, but here, (he grinned as the thought passed through his head) in a shack, with a box full of scrap and an idea. Well it would be putting it lightly to say that he was seeing Hiccup in a whole new light.

"Just old sketches for Toothless's fin, nothing special." Hiccup says, moving to take it from him. Before he could take hold of it however, Harald had flipped it over.

Several things happened at once. Hiccup went red, Harald raised an eyebrow, and discovered that Hiccup not only had a talent for mechanics, he seemed to have a few more Renaissance Man skills up his sleeve. In this case, a serious talent for drawing. Though he seemed to avoid one of the accompanied stereotypes, as the subject here was quite definitely female.

As Hiccup spluttered and stammered, and a low rumbling purr announced that Toothless found the whole affair very entertaining; Harald took pity on him and proffered it to him. Hiccup, blushing like a sunset, gratefully took it and secreted it back in the general chaos of the bench. "Y-You won't tell here about that, will you?" a beetroot Hiccup stammered.

Harald choked down a surge of laughter and in his best deadpan, said. "Why not, very flattering drawing, I thought. You even left her clothes on!" at that Hiccup let out a combination of a groan and a squeak, and the purring from above became louder. "But unless you're some kind of terrifying stalker and have a collection of her undergarments packed away back there as well!" Hiccup had gone puce and seemed to have stopped breathing. "Then I think we can forget this." There was a crash from above as Toothless almost toppled down from the rafters; instead knocking into the nets of the old 'decommissioned' weaponry that had been hung there when they ran Gobber ran out of room in the cellars.

The air of embarrassment cleared a little as they had to dodge a shower of rusty old weapons and scrap iron. When the dust had settled, Harald suggested that he show Hiccup something. He pulled up a stool and took the proffered stick of charcoal. His drawings were a little more basic than Hiccup's, but if you're summarising the principles of flight and need to do more than draw a wing and some lines then you've gone wrong somewhere.

It was nice to teach this to someone actually interested, he could certainly sympathise with those burned-out teachers who just go through the motions, two years as an air cadet NCO seeing blank faces stare back at him was just about all he could tolerate. "So the wing splits the air, and the curvature of the wing reduces the pressure above the wing because the air's moving faster! you with me?" Hiccup nodded and motioned for him to carry on, listening while occasionally glancing up at Toothless, before returning to a scrap piece of paper, something already beginning to take shape as he copied down what he saw in his mind's eye.

End
file.